

Attorneys.
A. L. LESSICK,
 Attorney-at-Law,
 Office on Perry St. over H. E. Cary's Store, Napo-
 leon, Ohio. me13-7-12

MARTIN KNAPP, Attorney at Law,
 Office in Dittmer's Block, Washington St.,
 Napoleon, O. me13-7-12

A. H. TYLER,
 Attorney-at-Law
 And Notary Public.
 Office in room with J. H. Tyler, Tyler Block.
 Special attention paid to conveying. me13-7-12

R. W. CAHILL,
 Attorney and Counselor at Law.
 Office on Washington street, in first building
 west of Humphrey's old corner. oct 21-7-12

F. M. RUMMEL, Attorney at Law,
 and Real Estate Agent. Office in Moyer
 Building (second story) Napoleon, Ohio. All busi-
 ness entrusted to his care will be promptly at-
 tended to.

C. C. YOUNG, Notary Public and
 Conveyancer, Liberty Center, Henry coun-
 ty, O. All business of the office promptly attended
 to. February 27, 1878-f

E. A. PALMER,
 Attorney-at-Law
 And Notary Public,
 NAPOLEON, - - - OHIO.

Also Attorney for Pensions, Bounty, Back pay,
 etc. Collections promptly attended to. Office
 on State Street, Block building Perry Street.

J. H. TYLER. M. DONNELLY.
Tyler & Donnelly,
 Attorneys-at-Law,
 Napoleon, Henry County, Ohio,
 Office in Tyler's Block, 2nd story, Washington
 street.

DAVID MEKINON.
 Attorney and Counselor - At - Law.
 Office, 2d story in Frame Block, Washington St.,
 opposite Court House. Dec. 30, 1880.

J. M. HAAG. J. P. RAGAN.
HAAG & RAGAN.
 Attorneys - at - Law,
 Napoleon, Ohio.

ROOMS No. 2 & 4, Vicks Block. Will practice in
 North Western courts and United States courts.
 Business will receive prompt attention. April 8-80

S. M. HAAG. W. H. HUBBARD
HAGUE & HUBBARD
 Attorneys and Counselors - At - Law,
 Napoleon, Henry County, Ohio.

Will practice the law in all its branches, in Henry
 and neighboring counties. Real estate law and
 Abstracts of Titles a specialty. Office in Heller Block
 on Washington street, opposite Northwest Office.

Justice of the Peace.
G. H. REEDER, Justice of the Peace,
 Office in Shoe Store, 1st door south of Cary's
 Grocery. Special attention paid to collections
 which will receive prompt attention. April 12-79

PHILIP C. SCHWAB, Justice of the
 Peace, Pleasant Wp., Henry County, Ohio.
 New Bavaria P. O. me13-7-12

PETER PUNCHES, Justice of the
 Peace, Marion Wp., Henry County, Ohio.
 Hamlet, P. O. Box 35. April 19-79

EDWARD PEYTON,
 Justice of the Peace and Notary Public,
 Napoleon, Ohio.

SPECIAL attention paid to conveying and col-
 lection matters. Office in Brennan Block, first
 stairway north of Sheffield & Norton's bank.
 May 6th, 1880.

Consorial.
GEORGE W. VALENTINE, Fash-
 ionable Barber and Hair Dresser, Room
 West Side Perry Street, Napoleon, Ohio. (Jan 1673-17)

PHILLIP WEBB, Barber and Hair-
 Dresser, two doors south of Stockman's gro-
 cery on Perry street. Strongly solicited and
 good work guaranteed. (Oct 1878-79-17)

Carriage Factory!
LEONHART & SHAFF,
 Napoleon, Ohio.

MANUFACTURERS of Carriages, Buggies, and
 Wagons of every description. Special at-
 tention paid to light work, which will be guar-
 anteed to be first-class in every particular. Do
 not go out of Henry County for work but give
 us a trial. Also do Horse Shoeing and all kinds
 of repairing. Brick Shop corner of Washington
 and Monroe streets. (Jan 1873-17)

JOHN KUNZ,
Blacksmith & Horse Shoer,
 Front Street, Napoleon, Ohio.

Horse shoeing and general repairing of ma-
 chinery a specialty. All work done in a work-
 manlike manner, charges reasonable, and the
 patronage of the public solicited. All orders for
 shoeing or repairing left at his shop will be promptly
 attended to. (Jan 17-17)

Physicians.
HOMEOPATHY.
MRS. H. H. SHEFFIELD, Physician
 and Surgeon, Napoleon, Ohio. Office at
 residence corner Washington street and Holy Av-
 enue. Will attend calls in town and country. Or-
 ders can be left at the bank of Sheffield and Norton.

J. BLOOMFIELD, Physician and
 Surgeon, Napoleon, O. me13-7-12

E. B. HARRISON, Physician and Sur-
 geon, Napoleon, Ohio. Office over Sauer's drug
 store. Office hours 8 to 9 A. M.; 12 to 1 P. M.
 and 7 to 8 P. M. Nov 27-12

MRS. P. A. SAUR, Physician and
 Surgeon, Napoleon, Ohio. Will at-
 tend calls in town and country. Office at SAUR's
 Drug Store. (Jan 27-12)

J. MARVIN, Physician and Sur-
 geon, Napoleon, Ohio, will attend to all
 calls promptly. Office over Sheffield & Norton's
 Bank. me13-7-12

M. STOUT, Physician and Sur-
 geon, Florida, Henry County, Ohio, will at-
 tend to all professional calls in all parts of the
 county. Saturdays set apart especially for the
 examination of patients at my office. Aug 19-12

DRS. MEHENRY & DULFZ,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
 NAPOLEON, OHIO.
 Office in residence Clinton Street. me13-7-12

DR. J. S. HALY,
 Physician and Surgeon,
 Napoleon, Ohio.

Will attend to calls in town and country. Office
 at his residence on Clinton Street. July 1, 1880.

Chemist.
J. L. LEIST, Pharmaceutical Chemist,
 Napoleon, Ohio.
 All work done on short notice. Laboratory in
 Humphrey's Drug Store. me13-7-12

Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, O.
 OPEN to both sexes—with elegant home for young
 ladies. Five buildings. Extensive library, labora-
 tories and museum. Actual average cost to young
 men for the last year, including all items, ex-
 cept clothing, \$185.00. Classical, Scientific,
 Preparatory and Normal courses. Special ad-
 vantages in Music, Painting, and Sciences. Attendance
 given in college classes 75. Write for Catalogue.
 College year begins Sept. 14th. G. H. PAYNE, LL.
 D., President. me13-7-12

Miscellaneous.
BANK!
 (or)
Sheffield & Norton.
 NAPOLEON, OHIO.

Deposits received. Collections attended to. Money
 forwarded to all parts of the world at the lowest rates.
 Also represent the
Best Fire and Life Insurance Companies
 in the Country.

Banking House
E. S. Blair & Co.
 [Successors First National Bank.]
 NAPOLEON, O.

Deposit accounts received and certificates of de-
 posit issued payable on demand or at a fixed date
 bearing interest.
 Collections promptly attended to.

Miscellaneous.
JOHN DIEMER,
 AT his Meat Market, Perry street,
 keeps on hand the choicest Beef, Pork, Veal,
 Mutton, Hams and Shoulders, Salt Pork, Corned
 Beef, etc. Farmers having fat cattle, hogs, sheep,
 &c. and all other produce should give me a call.

DENTISTRY
A. S. CONDIT,
 [Successor to W. H. Stillwell.]
 DENTIST.
 Office over Reeder's Book and Shoe Store. All
 operations pertaining to Dentistry carefully per-
 formed. Laughing Gas, administered for the
 painless extraction of teeth. Work warranted and
 prices to suit the times.
 NO PAIN EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN
 Napoleon, Ohio, Oct. 14, 1878. 17

Sash and Blind Factory!
AND
PLANING MILL.
 Thiesen, Hildred & Co. Proprietors.
 Take pleasure in supplying to the public and
 all in need of anything in the way of building
 material that they are now prepared to furnish
 with lumber for building purposes, from
 the ground to the roof. We keep constantly on
 hand.
 Doors, Sash, Blinds, Casings, Floorings
 Siding, Shingles, Finished Lum-
 ber, Rough Lumber,
 and every kind of lumber required for building.
 Custom work done on short notice. Poplar, wal-
 nut, whitewood, ash and oak lumber bought and
 sold.
 THIESSEN, HILDRED & CO.,
 January 1, 1878-17.

AT LAST!
The Thing Most Needed!
GO NOT AWAY HUNGRY!
JOHN BEILHARZ
 HAS OPENED—
Dining Parlors
 Up stairs in Ludeman's block over Norden & Co's
 Store, on east side of Perry Street, Napoleon, where
 WARM MEALS,
 Oysters by the dish or can, tea, coffee and all that the
 human craves, can be had at all hours, day or
 night.
 Oysters by the can..... 40cts.
 Oyster stew..... 25cts.
 Oyster raw..... 25cts.
 Oyster fry..... 25cts.
 Warm Meal..... 25cts.
 Well furnished parlors for ladies.

War! War! War!
E. Bressler & Co.,
 Manufacturer of
Lath, Pickets, Shingles &c.
 Pickets made to order, plain or fancy. Prices
 according to the times. All work warranted.
 Shop in Duane's lot, north of the Beaver settle-
 ment, Henry County, O. Dec 7-17.

P. F. ZINK,
HOUSE, SIGN,
Ornamental Fresco Painting
and Graining,
WALLS AND CEILINGS TINTED.
 SHOP in Tyler Block, over Northwest office. Orders
 can be left at Humphrey's Drug Store. Jolo 8-17

Geo. Lighthouse,
Contractor and Builder,
 NAPOLEON, Ohio. All kinds of material furnished
 and estimates made. Jan 13-17.

Fred Yackee's
Boot and Shoe Shop!
 Perry St., north of Canal Bridge.
 All kinds of Boots and Shoes manufactured to
 order in the neatest and most substantial manner
 on short notice.
 Repairing promptly attended to. Oct 15-17

W. H. Stockman,
Real Estate Dealer!
 Buys and Sells
 With G. W. Gardner & Son,
 11-80-17
NAPOLEON, - OHIO.

S. M. HONICK,
Merchant Tailor,
 Napoleon, Ohio, Perry street south side of Canal.
 Parties wishing neat fitting suits of clothes will do
 well to call on me. By selecting from my very
 large and very fine line of piece goods you will have
 no difficulty in finding such goods as you may de-
 sire. Satisfaction given in every particular.
 Sep 24-79-17.

NEW LIVERY STABLE.
J. B. FOSTER
 Has established a new livery in the quarters formerly
 occupied by E. T. Barnes, just north of the Miller
 House, where he will keep teams for hire at low rates,
 and do a general feeding and livery business.
 In connection with the above a hack line will be
 run to and from all trains. Parties wishing to be
 conveyed to or from the depot can leave orders at the
 barn or at the Merchant's Hotel.
 Napoleon, Ohio, Oct. 27, 1880-17.

NEW
Wagon and Blacksmith
Shop
 South Side of River, Napoleon, Ohio.
 Manufacturers of Carriages, Buggies, Spring
 and Lumber Wagons. Also repairing and repainting
 done at reasonable rates. Horse shoeing a specialty.
 JOHN W. KNIPF, Proprietor.
 Dec 30-17

Poetry.
The Stars.
 Ballads, or short poems in youthful style.
 Mark with bright curves the priceless steps of time;
 Near and more near the heavenly spheres approach,
 And lo! the stars on luminous orbs descend—
 Flowers of the sky! Ye too are gay and bright,
 As if ye were the stars of the field.
 Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
 Some sink on suns and systems on systems crash,
 Headlong extinct to one dark centre fall.
 And death, and night and chaos mingle all;
 Till over the wreck, emerging from the storm,
 Immortal Saturn lifts her changeable form,
 Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
 And scorns and shames, and scorches and the realm—
 ————
 ————
 ————

Select Story.
VAUTREAU THE VAMPIRE.

The person distinguished by this pleas-
 ant sobriquet was a picture and bric-a-
 brac dealer, whose dark, dusty, over-crowded
 little shop in the Rue de Provence was well
 known, some fifteen years ago, to every
 artist and dilettante in Paris.

Modest as was his office, still dingier
 than the shop, where at any time, between
 the hours of 10 A.M. and 6 P.M., the pro-
 prietor might be dimly discerned seated at
 a high desk, immersed in figures. He was
 a bachelor, on the wrong side of sixty;
 small and spare and dry in person, imper-
 turbable in manner, with a grating voice
 and a sarcastic smile.

His business was his establishment, his
 business was on a very extensive scale, and
 was not confined to the buying and selling
 of pictures.

He styled himself "Man of Business,"
 an elastic title, which covers other callings
 besides an agent's. For instance, it may
 mean a usurer; not that we assert M. Vau-
 treau to have been a usurer, any more than
 the father of the "Bourgeois Gentle-
 homme" was a "shop-keeper," but having
 a good deal of money, and being of an ob-
 liging disposition, he lent it to his
 friends, and in return for the accommoda-
 tion consented to receive interest which
 ranged from fifty per cent. upwards. His
 clients were for the most part brethren of
 the brush, though there were not a few men
 of letters, rising doctors, and barristers
 among them. Talent was his security. He
 prided himself on discovering at once
 whether a young man had a future, and his
 penetration was so seldom at fault that to be
 "one of Vautreau's men" was a recom-
 mendation.

It is true that his enemies—those malic-
 ous persons who had nick-named him the
 "Vampire"—asserted that Vautreau's men
 generally came to grief in the long-run,
 and that more than one promising young
 artist who had mortgaged to him time,
 talent, and prospects had ended miserably
 bankrupt in all. But such slanders M.
 Vautreau could afford to disregard. Who
 ever failed, he flourished; "adding to
 golden numbers—golden numbers," grow-
 ing every year more prosperous, envied,
 and dreaded.

His shop, as has been said, was in the
 Rue de Provence, but the apartment
 which he had occupied for more than
 twenty years was on the Left Bank, in the
 Rue St. Jacques, that "long unlovely street"
 which leads from the Quartier des Ecoles to
 the Observatoire.

Here, and here alone, the money-lender
 was known by his real name, which was
 Jules Renault. He had assumed the other
 as a *nom-de-guerre* when first he began
 business. His unsocial habits, and the
 mystery attaching to his occupation, made
 him suspected by his fellow-lodgers of be-
 longing to the secret police, an idea which
 he rather encouraged, as it saved him the
 trouble of making acquaintances. Not
 half a dozen persons in Paris were aware
 that the wealthy money-lender of the
 Quartier d'Antin and the mysterious lodger
 in the Rue St. Jacques were one and the
 same individual.

One foggy November evening in the year
 1865, he returned to his rooms, after a
 week's absence from town on business.

Old Francois, his housekeeper, was on
 her knees before the stove, blowing a sulky
 fire, which had filled the room with smoke,
 in spite of open door and window.

"The Devil! Do you want to smother
 me?" her master exclaimed, pausing on
 the threshold.

She grunted something inaudible as she
 gave the recalcitrant fire a spiteful poke.
 He shrugged his shoulders and entered,
 glancing round with a slight shiver. Cheer-
 fulness, the room looked under the light
 of a flickering lamp, with its faded fur-
 niture, uncarpeted floor, and bare white
 panelled walls. Very cheerless; and he was
 cold and tired, and the smoke and fog
 together made his eyes water, and sent him
 into a paroxysm of coughing.

"Any letters or papers?" he asked when
 he could speak, as he drew off his gloves.
 The question was merely *pro forma*; for
 communications but the tax-collector's ever
 ready letter, which he had filed in a drawer
 in the Rue St. Jacques.

"No—yes, by-the-by, there is a letter; it
 came nearly a week ago—there."

She nodded towards the chimney-piece.
 He raised his brows in surprise, and ex-
 amined the missive curiously before open-
 ing it. His face suddenly darkened with a
 frown.

"Fontainebleau, eh? another 'last ap-
 peal' after the room of three years. Well,
 it can follow its predecessors, and he was
 about to consign it to the fire, unread, when
 his eye was caught by the address.

"A woman's handwriting—ah! that is
 something new. Can it be—"

He hesitated a moment, then sat down at
 the table, drew the lamp towards him, and
 opened the letter.

"Dear Uncle Jules," it began.
 He started, and glanced at the signature
 —"Edmée Lafeuillade."

"Good Heavens—then Louise left a
 daughter, and I never knew it! It is true
 I always burnt her husband's letters un-
 read." He turned back to the beginning.

"DEAR UNCLE JULES.—You will be sur-
 prised to receive a letter from your unknown
 niece, but though I am a stranger to you, I
 can not feel that you are one to me; dear
 mother used so often to speak of you, and
 of the days long ago, when you and she
 lived together. I know what a grief your
 estrangement was to her—"

"The estrangement was of her own
 making," interpolated the reader; "she
 cut herself adrift from me when she mar-
 ried Victor Lafeuillade, a vagabond with-
 out a sou in his pocket, or an idea in his
 head, who fancied himself an embryo
 Raphael—ah, bah!"

"Since my father's death" ("So he is
 dead? well, well!") "I have been pupi-
 lar teacher at Madame Vernier's, but now she
 has given up her school I must find
 another home. I have not, that I know of,
 a relative in the room, but yourself. Ma-
 dame told me you were a 'Coul, I believe
 I come to you'—"

"I shall not be a burden to you, for though I
 do not inherit my dear father's genius
 ('save the mark!') 'I think I paint well
 enough to earn my own living. Even if I
 can not sell my pictures I can always teach.
 I am compelled to leave her on Tuesday.
 I do not want to leave you to the con-
 trary I shall venture to take for granted
 your permission.' ("Tuesday?") "Why that
 is to-day; if I had only known—"

"Dear uncle, please let me come to you! I
 am so lonely, and the world is so wide and
 so cold—Your affectionate niece,
 EDMÉE LAFEUILLADE."

For some minutes he sat with the letter
 in his hand, rubbing his chin and staring
 absently at the last lines. Then, slightly
 shaking his head, as if in answer to his
 thoughts, he methodically refolded and re-
 stored it to the envelope.

"Out of the question. However, she can
 stay for a day or two till I can make other
 arrangements." Francois, he continued
 aloud, "you must prepare a bedroom for
 my niece, do you hear? It is likely that
 she will arrive this evening."

If he had announced that he expected a
 white elephant she could scarcely have
 looked more astonished.

"What? your niece? Didn't you know you
 had one?"

"I didn't know myself till a few mo-
 ments ago. Her father is dead, it seems,
 and has left his child a beggar—but that
 was to be expected of the man."

"And what are you going to do with the
 girl?" the old woman inquired sourly,
 glancing at him over her shoulder. "Keep
 her here in idleness while you are scraping
 together money for her to squander when
 you're dead? Folly!"

"A folly your master is not likely to
 commit, my good friend. My niece will
 find—hark, what was that?" he broke off.

It was a knock, or rather a modest tap,
 at the outer door, and it had been twice re-
 peated before it attracted their attention.
 At the third repetition Francois obeyed
 the summons.

A girlish figure, muffled in dark wraps,
 stood on the threshold at the door.
 "Monsieur Renault?" said a young voice,
 interrogatively.

"Come in," the woman answered, and
 drew back for her to pass into the room.

The money-lender had hastily moved the
 lamp, so that the light fell full upon his
 visitor's features as she entered, leaving his
 own in shadow.

"Uncle, I am Edmée," she said, and ap-
 proached him shyly, holding out two little
 gloved hands, and looking up into his face
 anxiously, with a mixture of hope
 and fear. He looked at her in return as she
 was a ghost; and, indeed, she seemed
 one to him. With all the heart he pos-
 sessed he had once loved his young sister,
 and here was her very self, standing before
 him, with just that wistful look he knew
 so well.

"I hope you are not displeased with me
 for coming," the girl said anxiously, as he
 did not speak. "I had nowhere else to
 go. Uncle Jules," she added with a
 pleading smile, "won't you say that you
 are glad to see me?"

"I am—you are welcome," he said
 abruptly, rousing himself, and he just
 touched her forehead with his lips. "I
 have been out of town, and only just re-
 ceived your letter. How did you learn my
 address?"

"I found it among my father's papers.
 He wrote to you, I think, shortly before he
 died!"

"I received a letter—yes. You have
 brought some luggage, I suppose?"

"The boxes are in the back at the door."
 "Go down, Francois; pay the man, and
 have them brought up, and then see if you
 can make this fire burn. Pour! Confound
 the smoke!"

"It wants a little coaxing," Edmée said
 quickly, and the next moment she had
 drawn off her gloves, and was on her knees
 before the stove.

"I am a very domestic character, Uncle
 Jules," she said, smiling up at him as she
 poked the hearth, "the girls used to say I
 was a housemaid apit. There, I think it
 will do nicely now, and if I had a hearth-
 brush—ah, there!" In a twinkling she
 had made the hearth neat, and rose, look-
 ing with satisfaction at her work.

The fire was burning cheerily now, and
 the flickering blaze brought out the golden
 gleams in her fair hair and lighted up her
 face; a sweet attractive face, full of bright-
 ness and courage, yet touched with pen-
 siveness. The features in repose had a
 faint air of melancholy, as if life's shadows
 had already fallen upon them.

She took off her hat and glanced round
 the room.

"And this is your home," she said
 thoughtfully. "I tried to picture it to my-
 self, but—"

"But your picture was not much like the
 reality? No, I suppose not, or you would
 not have been quite so anxious to come to
 me," was his dry conclusion.

"If I had known before how—how sad
 it was, I should have wanted to come to
 you long ago," she answered gently.

He scrutinized her keenly under his
 bent brows.

"Has any one told you—ridiculous ru-
 mors get abroad sometimes—that I am a
 rich man?"

She looked up with the grave innocent
 wonder of a child, and shook her head.

"No; I always fancied you were poor.
 It is so, is it not?"

He scraped his chin, looked meditatively
 between the bars of the stove.

"Capital, well—riches and poverty are
 comparative terms. I am certainly not so
 rich as I could wish to be. Few people
 are, I suppose."

"I am glad you are not rich," Edmée
 said simply. "I could not have added to
 your happiness then as I think I can now
 if you will let me. There is a line in an
 old poet that I am very fond of: 'Affection
 is a hardy plant that flourishes best in a
 poor soil.' Don't you think it's true?"

He took a pinch of snuff, and shrugged
 his shoulders.

"It may be. I can't tell. Experience
 has taught me that there is only one kind of
 affection which it is absolutely safe to be-
 lieve in."

"What kind is that?"

"The regard every man feels for him-
 self, and his own interests. 'Self' is the
 pivot on which the world turns."

She looked up quickly to make sure he
 was in earnest, then gazed at the fire with a
 very grave face for several minutes without
 speaking.

When she raised her eyes to his again
 they had a look of wistful pity which dis-
 concerted and puzzled him.

"What a sad, sad life yours must have
 been if you have learned to doubt the very
 existence of affection!" she said softly.